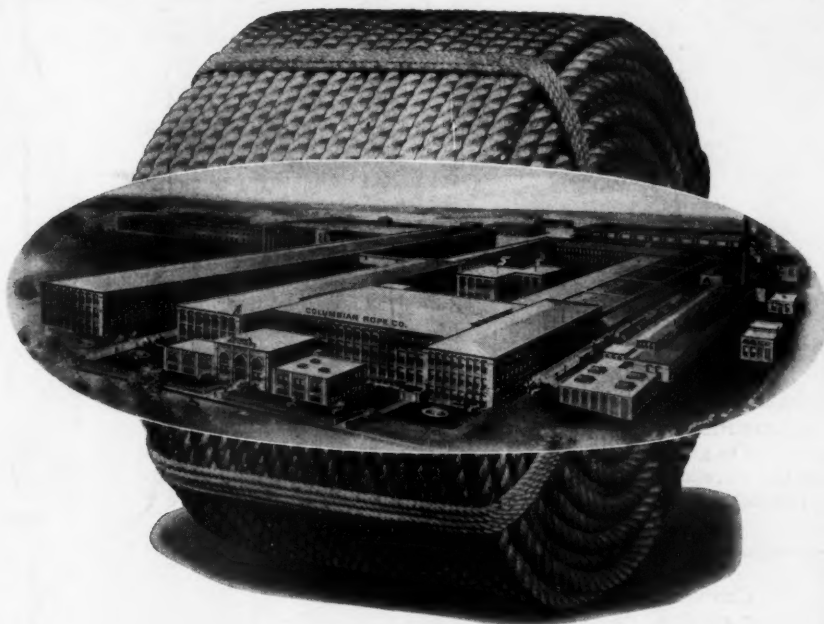


VOL. VIII

Registered U. S. Patent Office

MARCH, 1927

No. 2



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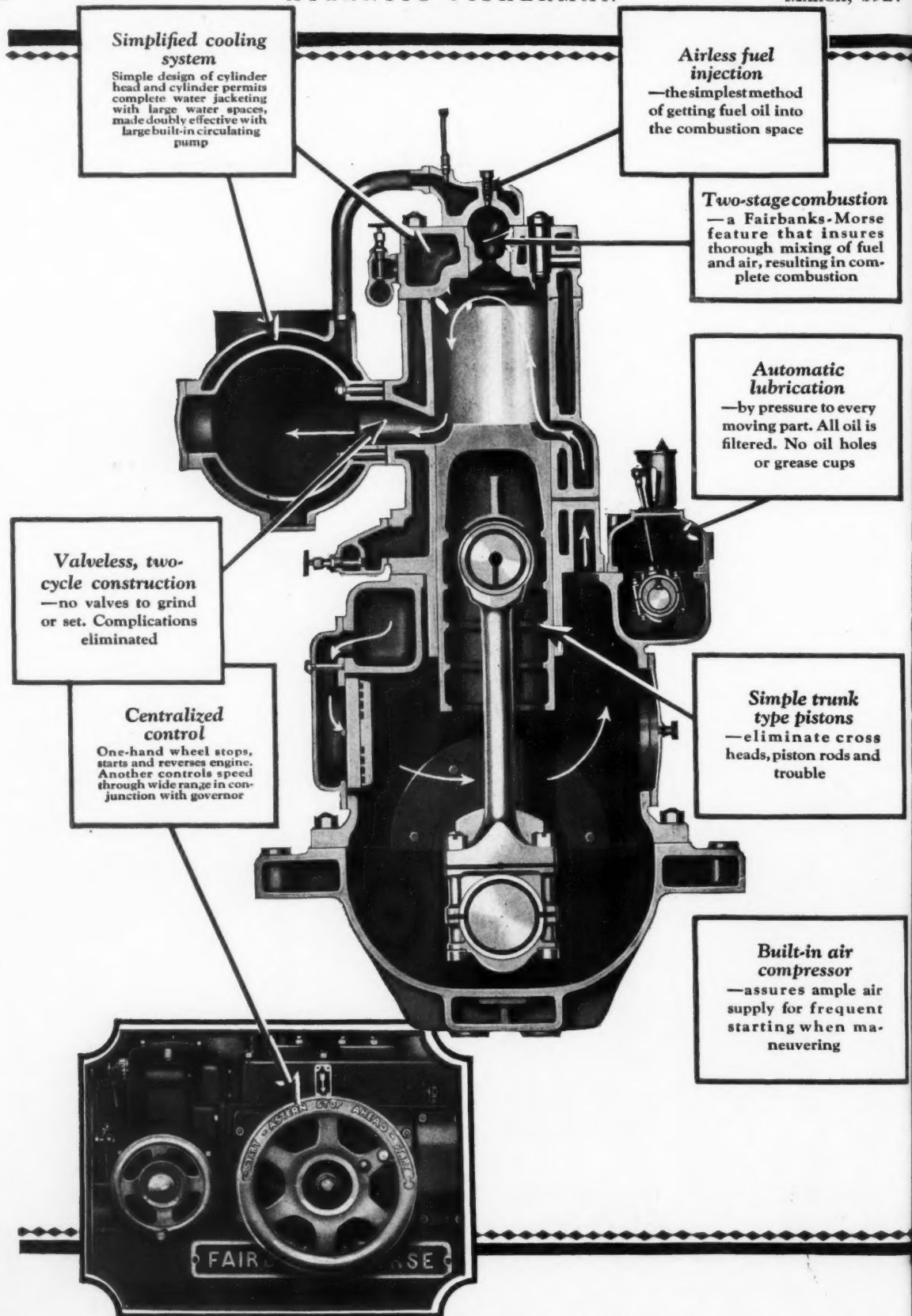
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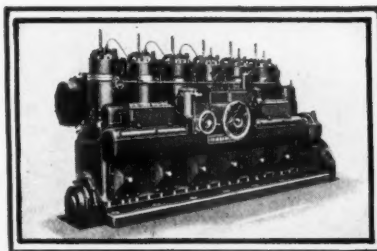
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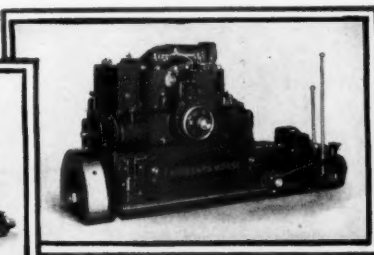
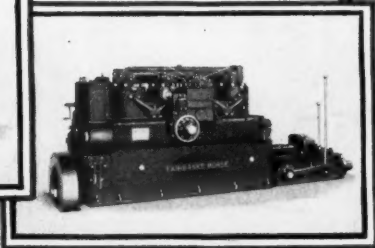
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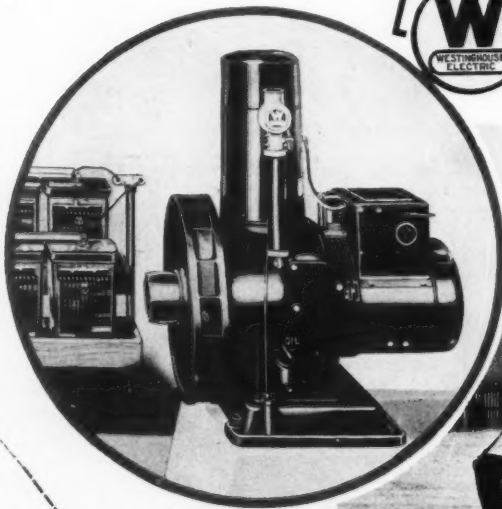
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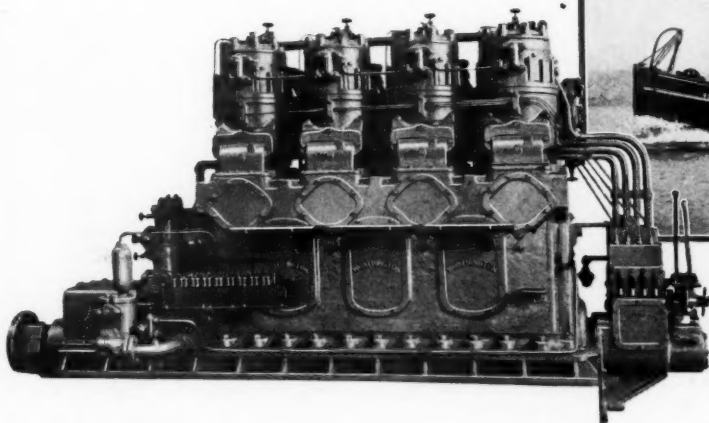
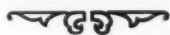
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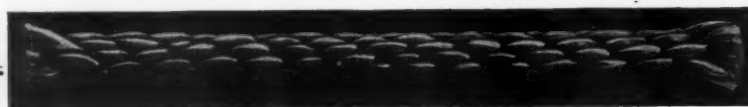
The consistent high quality of *New Bedford Brand Manila*, maintained year in and year out for over three-quarters of a century, is the best inducement for you to fit out with New Bedford Cordage this spring. One season's use will convince you that there is no better. Identify New Bedford by the red and black thread running through the rope on the inside.

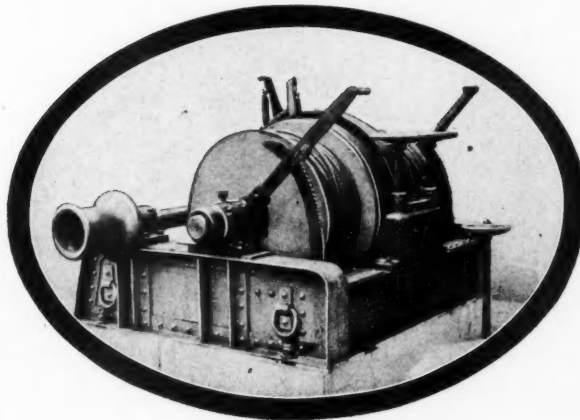
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*Inquiries may be addressed to the Company or to
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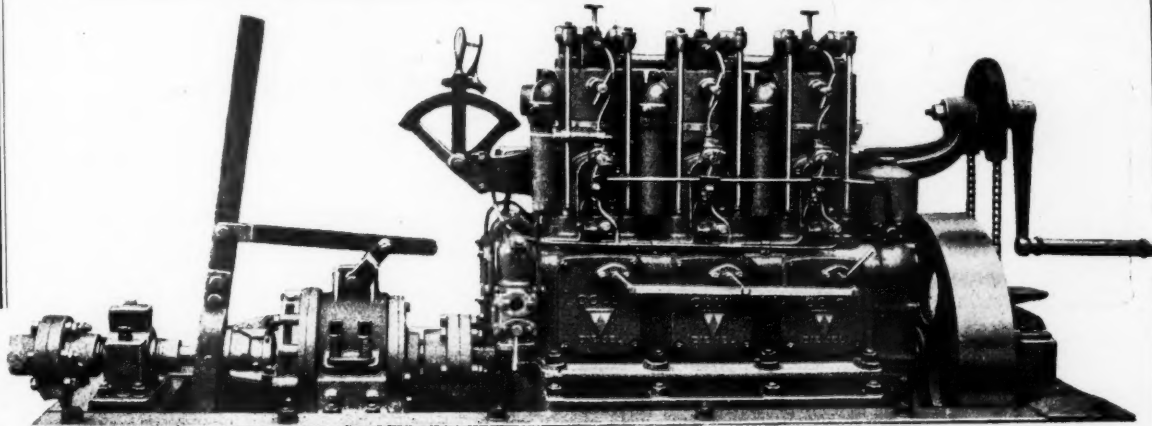
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FIG. 71

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With Eveready Columbia Hot Shots, and a battery ignition system, there is always a fat, hot spark, no matter how slowly you turn over the engine. No matter how cold the motor might be, no matter how long it has been shut off, as soon as it is turned over these batteries pour as hot and strong a spark into it as though it had been running for hours.

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ORDINARY

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The fact that WATERFLEX is thoroughly water-resisting, permanently lubricated, easy to handle and splice—*wet or dry*, uniformly flexible under all conditions, and yet costs no more, puts it in a unique and distinctive class.

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The Utmost in Rope Value

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DO IT RIGHT and it will not have to be done again because the glue will not let go, and being elastic, it will give and take with the seam.

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 156 Kneeland St., Boston, Mass.

Not A "Trade Paper"

The ATLANTIC FISHERMAN is a paper for fishermen—producers—the men who actually fish for a living. It does not purpose to cover the fish trades; nor does it wish to be looked upon as a "trade paper." Rather do we like to think of it as a home paper for fishermen.

Our first care is that its pages be readable, for we believe that matters of human interest and practical vocational help are more to be desired by our readers than stereotyped "trade notes" and dry-as-dust statistical matter.

We want it to be regarded as a steady and reliable source of information, profit and entertainment by that vast army of 150,000 workfolk which constitutes our field.

Atlantic Fisherman

A "FARM" JOURNAL FOR THE
HARVESTERS OF THE SEA

Vol. VIII. MARCH, 1927 No. 2

LEW A. CUMMINGS.....President
FRANK H. WOOD.....Managing Editor

Published Monthly at
92 West Central Street, Manchester, N. H.
GENERAL AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:
62 LONG WHARF - - BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
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To take advantage of this guarantee subscribers must always state in writing to or talking with any of our advertisers: "I saw your advertisement in ATLANTIC FISHERMAN."

The Dawn of a New Era

A YEAR ago this winter when organization of the Fishing Masters' Producers Association was announced, the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN predicted that better times for producers lay ahead. This promise is well on its way to fulfillment by reason of the plan put into effect March 1 for handling fresh mackerel trips at the Boston Fish Pier.

Under this plan the Association has employed an agent to sell mackerel landings at Boston, and captains and owners who are members have agreed to turn their trips over to the Association to be distributed in this way. The individual captains will not go on the stand at all, but will be represented as a group by the agent.

Bartholomew J. Ahearn, treasurer of John Nagle Co., Fish Pier commission dealers, has been retained as agent. He is a man who knows the wholesale fish business backwards and forwards, and so will be able to do business with the dealers equitably for both them and the Association. For years there has been some talk of having a retired skipper, well versed in the mackerel game, act as agent for the fleet, but the arrangement whereby a more non-partisan representative is selected should bring about even better results than could a captain, and it should lead to nothing but harmony and justice for both sides.

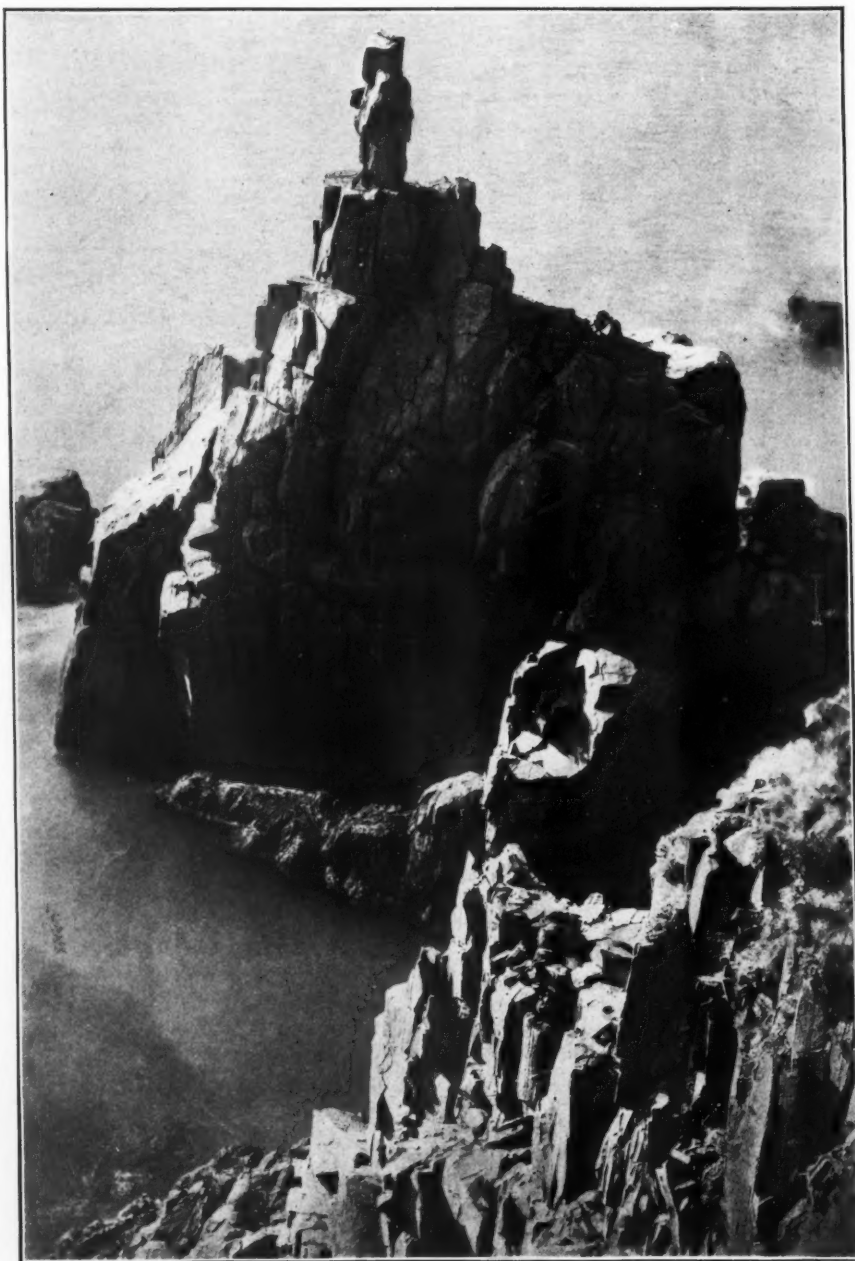
A committee from the Association, Capt. John A. Dahlmer, president; Capt. John J. Matheson, vice president; Capt. Lemuel E. Firth, Capt. Philip Curcra, Capt. Howard H. Tobey, Capt. Frank Favallora, and Capt. Joseph Palazola, met with the directors of the New England Fish Exchange, and the new plan was entered into for a year. For the present mackerel only is affected, but a start in the right direction has been made.

Without waiting to see results the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN goes on record as saying that this thing of producers organizing, combining or cooperating, whatever you want to call it, for mutual welfare and to market or sell fish ex-vessel is the salvation of the fishing industry. The idea is tried and proven true in other

industries, and it has the power to lead to undreamed of prosperity for fishermen. There is strength in numbers, and if each individual remembers that he is only a part, and can bring himself to stick to the group at all costs when something arises with which he does not agree, as it is bound to while any organization is in the embryo, some day we will look back upon the instigators of the Fishing Masters Producers Association as the men who solved the problems of the fisheries.

Table of Contents

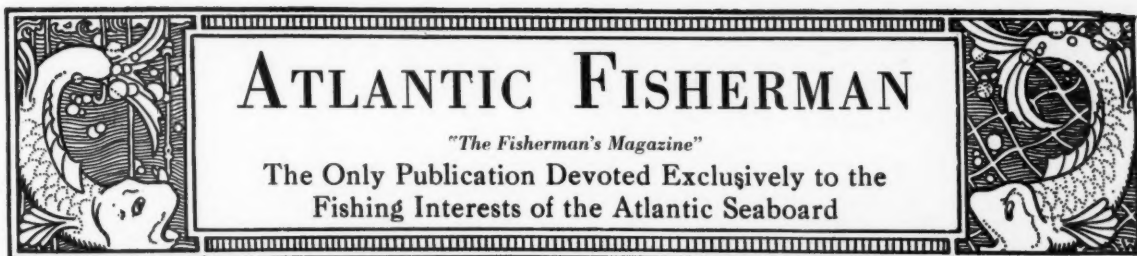
The Dawn of a New Era	11
The Southern Cross (Photo)	12
Conservation of the Smelt Fishery of Maine	13
Captain Conrad Replies	14
February Gales (Photos)	15
Tax on Gasoline Used by Fishermen	16
Nova Scotia Compensation Rates Discussed	17
Liverpool Jarge, Yarn IX	18
Mug-Up Yarns	19
Bay of Fundy Activities	20
With the Vineyard Fishermen	20
Items from New Jersey	21
News from the Provinces	21
Fishing Notes from Maine	22
Great South Bay Items	22



The Southern Cross, Grand Manan, N. B.

This remarkable freak of nature, known as the Southern Cross, stands at the southernmost extremity of the island of Grand Manan, guarding the entrance to the Bay of Fundy. There is a tide rise and fall of almost thirty feet here, one of the most treacherous spots of the North Atlantic.

Photo by Fred G. Milliken.



ATLANTIC FISHERMAN

"The Fisherman's Magazine"

The Only Publication Devoted Exclusively to the
Fishing Interests of the Atlantic Seaboard

Vol. VIII.

MARCH, 1927

No. 2

Conservation of the Smelt Fishery of Maine

By William C. Kendall, Ichthyologist, United States Bureau of Fisheries

Part I

AS long ago as 1869, Chas G. Atkins, then Commissioner of Fisheries of Maine, in his annual report, wrote: "The impression has been quite general that the smelt fishery is over done, and unless some radical measures are taken, it will soon fall into as great decay as have the salmon and alewife fisheries. Indeed in some parts of the state the decline has already commenced, and even where the numbers of the smelt have shown as yet but little diminution, the decrease in size is very marked."

Whether or not the radical measures were taken, for more than 30 years after that warning, the smelt fishery of Maine continued to yield considerable though fluctuating quantities of smelt. However, in 1920 Director Crie of the Sea and Shore Fisheries Commission, after discussing the probable cause of depletion of the smelt fishery said: "Therefore it is quite apparent to anyone who will give the subject the attention it merits, that the smelt fishery of Maine is depleted and on the wane and it seems to this Commission that, after God had furnished this great and abundant food supply to the inhabitants of the State of Maine, we are not doing justice to the state or to ourselves unless we enact laws, good rigid and enforceable ones, to protect the smelt in its season of reproduction, i. e., the spawning season."

In his report for 1878, Fishery Inspector Venning of New Brunswick wrote that the wasteful and destructive mode in which the smelt fishery of that Canadian province was then carried on, called loudly for restrictive measures. He called attention to the enormous waste of young smelts and other fishes that were caught with marketable smelts, saying that he was led to believe that for every ton of marketable smelts exported nearly half a ton of small smelts and other fish were wasted.

As a warning of the inevitable consequences of such destruction, he cited the conditions of the smelt fishery in Maine, Massachusetts, and New York, where, he said the fish, once almost as abundant as in New Brunswick waters, had become very scarce from the same causes that were at work in that Province. He added that the states had become dependent on the New Brunswick fisheries for their supply.

This was the third season of a systematic and organized fishery in the Province and Venning showed that 1213 tons had been shipped that year to the United States.

Some time between 1878 and 1913, regulatory measures were put in force for after a lapse of 35 years the shipment of smelts from New Brunswick mostly to Boston and New York, amounted to over 3,000 tons. In the period from 1913 to 1924 there was some fluctuation in the annual catches. The largest quantity was that of 1918, amounting to about 3,496 tons, yielding \$801,244. Next to this was the amount of 1924 of 3,198½ tons having a value of \$844,730.

Contrast these amounts with those shown in available statistics for Maine, which unfortunately are not annually continuous:

1911—584 tons, valued at \$125,011.

1919—262 tons, valued at \$94,496.

1924—nearly 313 tons, valued at \$137,430.

There is no doubt in the present writer's mind but that Venning's expressed alarm was well founded, but if there was danger of depletion in 1878 the question arises as to how the fishery was not merely maintained but greatly increased in magnitude of the annual catches in the later period.

1924 shows a considerable increase above immediately preceding years in both New Brunswick and Maine. However, the contrast is not in that of increased catch but in the great differences in the amounts caught and marketed each year. In neither region is there any evidence of much, if any, modification of fishing apparatus. An increase in the number of fishermen and intensity of fishing might account for larger catches but not for the almost uniform, large quantities for the 11 years from 1913 to 1923 in New Brunswick.

While other factors may have been concerned in the preservation of the Canadian smelt fishery, there are two which appear paramount. One is the protection of the smelt during their breeding season and the other is the short fishing season, which extends only from December 1 to February 15 following—a period of two and one-half months, against the six months of open season and absolutely no protection for the smelts when, by propagation, they are striving to do their part toward the maintenance of the fishery.

In 1878 Venning advised New Brunswick to draw a lesson from the New England States; now it is strongly advised that New England and Maine in particular, learn a lesson from New Brunswick.

Nearly 50 years ago the Inspector of Fisheries of New Brunswick recognized the necessity of protecting breeding and young smelts, if the fishery was to be saved. Evidently not long after this steps to that end were taken. Ten years prior to that the Commissioner of Fisheries of Maine predicted the early extinction of the smelt fishery unless radical measures were put in force to arrest the decline. Whatever was done in that direction no action toward the protection of spawning smelts appears to have been taken.

It is probable that in New Brunswick the extent of favorable waters for the smelt is somewhat greater than in Maine but conditions do not differ greatly in other respects. But in Maine according to Venning the smelt was once nearly as abundant as in New Brunswick. According to the memory of the present writer, whose recollections concerning the smelt brooks of his native town go back quite to the year of Atkin's prophetic warning, the spawning runs of smelts then revealed no cause for alarm as regards scarcity. But he saw with the eyes of a boy. However, since he has followed the course of smelt events in those brooks all these years, he believes he is justified in his opinions concerning the present smelt situation.

It appears probable that the original disproportion in quantity of smelts between Maine and New Brunswick was not nearly as great as in later years. So if in a few years New Brunswick was able to bring its smelt fishery up to such magnitude and not only maintain it but to increase it to its present proportions by means of protective regulations, it seems reasonable to believe that,

even at this late date, by adopting similar regulations, the decline of the smelt fishery of Maine might be checked and in some measure improved. While it can not hope to restore it to its early abundance or nearly to equality with that of New Brunswick, adequate protection of spawning fish and reasonable regulation of the fishery as pertains to young smelt would greatly reduce the disparity. Early constructive action is imperative or the Maine smelt is doomed to ultimate economic extinction.

In the spring after the streams are fairly free of turbidity, the fish ascend them into fresh water at night and after high tide. If the tide serves so as to permit them to run up, spawn, and return on the same night, some may do so, but usually they, or many of them, if undisturbed, remain through the following day and perhaps longer. The streams ascended for spawning range in size from mere rivulets to those large enough to be designated as rivers, but brooks and creeks are those now most commonly frequented and when larger streams are entered the fish divert themselves into tributary brooks.

There are nightly runs for a month or more. It takes about a month for the eggs to hatch, the length of time depending upon the temperature of the water. The newly hatched young soon go down to tidewater. The growing or adolescent young are found well out in bays among the islands, in coves, estuaries, tidal creeks, etc., all summer and fall. They do not attain maturity until two years of age. Therefore, they do not spawn until two years old, and the majority of fish composing the breeding runs are of that age.

The following figures show the age composition of 1,000 smelts collected in one brook during the breeding season, as determined by study of the scales and measurements of the fish:

2 years old,	896 individuals
3 " "	75 "
4 " "	25 "
5 " "	4 "

From this it may be seen that the fishery depends to a great extent upon the successful breeding of two-year-old fish, which have spawned for the first time and for many of them the only time in their life.

It is during these two critical periods of the smelt's life, the reproductive season and the two years prior to attaining sexual maturity, that the smelt should be protected. In Maine it has never had such protection, therefore, the wonder is not that the fishery is declining but that it has been maintained to even the comparatively small extent that it has.

In his report for 1924, H. D. Crie, Director of the Sea and Shore Fisheries, discusses the smelt and seasons for their protection, pp: 8-13. Again on page 23 he says: "Smelt spawn deposited in the shallow brooks along our coast that would produce many thousands of dollars worth of fish is destroyed annually by men and boys who wade in the brooks and destroy it and oftentimes parent fish are taken, no use whatever being made of them other than the pleasure afforded the person catching them."

The destruction of spawn deposited in the brooks is only incidental to greater destruction wrought by men and boys during the spawning runs of smelt. The men and boys are there to capture smelts, not only for pleasure but for food, which is often done by far more abusive methods than by wading in the brook. On one little brook, the fresh water section of which is only a few hundred yards in extent, the present writer has seen as many as ten to fifty men and boys armed with dipnets of varied capacity, which were not used in the "usual and ordinary way" of dipping. But at intervals the nets were set across the brook so as to completely occlude the brook and the fishers would wade the brook vigorously thrashing and thrusting with alders or birch saplings to drive the smelts down into the nets. This occurred night after night throughout the spawning season, and very few fish could possibly escape to deposit their spawn.

This procedure has been the custom for many years and it still prevails. But where 50 years ago one person's share in one night was sometimes a bushel of smelts, it would be difficult now for him to secure that many in the whole season even if he had the brook to himself.

Thus most of the damage is caused by unrestricted and abusive fishing in the fresh water sections of brooks when frequented by smelts for spawning.

(To be Concluded.)

Capt. Conrad Replies

THE ATLANTIC FISHERMAN,
62 Long Wharf, Boston Mass.

Haines City, Fla.
Feb. 14, 1927.

Dear Sir:—

I noticed the letter published in your December issue, written by Mr. P. E. Walters. He states that the *Bluenose* could sail faster stern first than the *Canadia* bow first. Enclosed you will find the official time of the race off Halifax in 1922. Kindly publish this in your next issue.

Mr. P. E. Walters can see by the official time from the Inner Automatic Buoy to the Outer Automatic Buoy, a little over six miles, on a windward course, *Canadia* beat the *Bluenose* two minutes and one second; the *Mahaska* ten minutes and fifty seconds, and the *Margaret Smith* eleven minutes and five seconds. *Bluenose* over the *Mahaska* eight minutes and thirty-two seconds and over the *Margaret Smith* nine minutes and four seconds. The *Canadia* made better time over the *Mahaska* and the *Margaret Smith* than the *Bluenose*. Were they all three sailing stern first?

Mr. P. E. Walters said that "I should not of gone in the race." Perhaps I should not of gone under the conditions. Twelve days from the day I arrived from the banks, I had to be at Halifax to sail. This did not give me any time to get ready. I was compelled to take fifty-five tons of fly wheels and eighty tons of sand and gravel for ballast, as I did not get any help from the committee at Halifax. If Mr. Walters knew anything about a vessel at all he would of known with this kind of ballast that no vessel could sail against a vessel carrying pig iron ballast and make as good time. I could of sailed with thirty-five tons less if I would of had pig iron. This meant carrying thirty-five tons dead weight inside as well as outside. Over a forty-mile course this would make any vessel twenty minutes slower.

The fishing season of 1921 and 1922 were poor years for the single dory fishing. Dividends to the owners were about the same as they were last season. I did not have the money to get a new suit of sails each year and import the canvas from England as the owners of the *Bluenose* did. Are there any other vessels of the Lunenburg fleet that has a new suit of sails each year?

There was only true sportsmanship shown in one race that was in 1920, when all vessels had stone ballast. By not showing good sportsmanship the races have come to a finish. In 1926 it took \$4000 to get two vessels to sail at Halifax. This was one thousands dollars more than eight vessels got in 1921 and four in 1922.

Mr. Wm. Duff got from the Dominion Government \$4,000 instead of each vessel that sailed in the 1922 race getting \$1000 to fit out a vessel to sail in the Fisherman's Race at benefit to the fisherman's race at Halifax.

Mr. P. E. Walters said "That the Nova Scotians were good sports and were too sporty to allow anything to be put over them." There are some good sports in Lunenburg, also in Nova Scotia—no better in the world. Was it good sport in not finishing the race in 1923 between the *Bluenose* and the *Columbia*? Was there good sport shown in the third race of 1926 in turning the buoy between the *Bluenose* and the *Haligonian*? Capt. Crouse showed that he was a real sport in turning the buoy in first day's race when he gave orders to keep off and give Capt. Walters room to turn. Was there good sport shown at the ending of this race? Did Lunenburg show good sportsmanship when Gloucester offered them \$1000 to fit up a vessel to sail in the Fisherman's Race at Gloucester. Was it good sportsmanship by not sending the *Bluenose* to Gloucester to sail the *Columbia* in 1926? If Capt. Walters made a vow that he would not sail at Gloucester this did not hinder the owners sending the *Bluenose*. I am sure that they could of found some Captain in Lunenburg that would of sailed her. If the *Bluenose* should of got beaten at Gloucester then Capt. Walters could of gotten sweet revenge by sailing the *Columbia* at Halifax in 1927.

Mr. Walters said in his letter "That the wood is still growing to build a fisherman to beat the *Bluenose*." The wood has stopped growing since 1921. The owners of the *Mayflower* have sent to the owners of the *Bluenose* lots of challenges to sail either at Halifax or Boston. The only excuse to offer, was that she was not a real fisherman.

In 1921 Halifax sent a committee to Gloucester before the *Mayflower* was launched. On their arrival to Halifax they pronounced her an A1 fisherman. The rules laid down by the Halifax Herald governing the races was that all

(Continued on Page 19)

February Gales

February took its toll from the fishing fleets and other mariners with a vengeance. Among the disasters were the following:

Sch. *Elsie G. Silva* of Gloucester, Capt. Manuel Silva. Total loss near Hammet River, Truro. No lives.

Sch. *Natalie S.* of New Bedford, Capt. Dan Mullins. Hove down and one man lost.

Sch. *Maggie E.* out of Lawn, Newfoundland. Lost at sea.

Sch. *Nozalle*, Belleoram for Gloucester with frozen herring. Badly battered.

Four-masted schooner *Camilla May Page*, grounded on shoals off Brigantine Beach, N. J. Eight lives.

75 ft. patrol boat CG-238 broke adrift from her anchorage and grounded on Peaked Hill Bar. Eight lives.

Lydia, aground in Provincetown Harbor.

Two boats went on the rocks at Plymouth.

Lower Left: *Natalie S.* at New Bedford with colors at half-mast for one of her crew washed overboard.

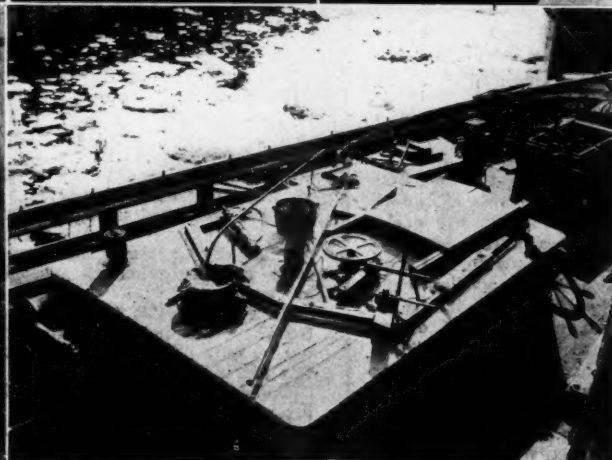
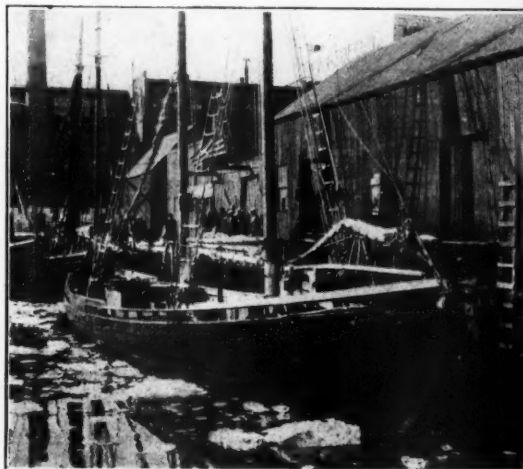
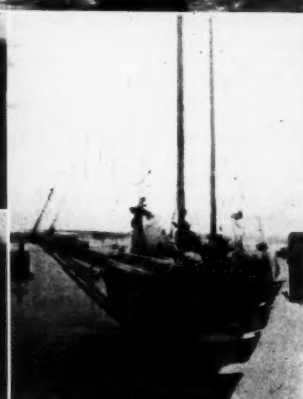
Lower Right: Cabin top of *Natalie S.*, showing all that remained of her pilot house, swept away by terrific sea.

Top Center: Heroic men of the Sch. *Elk* who rescued crew of the *Maggie E.* Left to right: Fred Raymond of Digby, Capt. Eric Carlson and William McLeod of Gloucester.

Lower Center: Three of crew rescued from *Maggie E.*, William Thorne, Abraham Skinner and Luke Rogers.

Right Center: Sch. *Elk*, the daring men of which saved four men from sure fate.

Photos of *Natalie S.* by Albert Cook Church.
Other photos by J. J. Carnell, Halifax.



WITH her sails gone, her food supplies run out and her fuel and water depleted, the crew of the 24-ton fishing schooner *Maggie E.*, Captain William Evans who had been out less than two weeks from Lawn, Nfld., were rescued by the Gloucester schooner *Elk*, Captain Eric Carlson, 115 miles southeast of St. Pierre.

Vivid tales of hardship were told by the men when they were landed at Halifax on Feb. 11, after having drifted helplessly for nine days in their waterlogged craft. They had set sail from Lawn, Nfld., and the same night ran into a storm which blew the vessel to sea. Her crew which comprised of Captain William Evans, Luke Rogers, William Thorne and Abraham Skinner were in a bad predicament.

With the forecastle filled with water they were unable even to sleep. To make matters worse the vessel sprang a leak.

Weakened by their experience they were unable by their efforts at the pumps to tide the rushing water which gradually crept higher in the hold of the ship.

When nearly exhausted a large steamer hove into view. With either disregard for their distress signals or because she did not see them, the steamer did not come within hailing distance and soon disappeared on the horizon. The same morning the Gloucester schooner *Elk* sighted the derelict wallowing in a heavy sea.

Captain Carlson called for volunteers. Fred Raymond of Digby and William McLeod of Lunenburg volunteered to go off to the schooner. After a hard battle in a small dory they reached the sinking ship and took the men off one by one. Twenty minutes afterwards the vessel sank.

Tax on Gasoline Used by the Fishermen

By H. D. Crie,

Director Maine Sea and Shore Fisheries Commission.

WE who have lived on the coast of Maine have watched from childhood the gigantic waves of the broad Atlantic dash against the rugged shores and break into spray as they met the rocks and cliffs which have bid defiance to mother ocean. For centuries the sea has met the challenge with fury and untiring force and for ages the great bluffs have come forth with crowns of victory, only to enter another challenge when a southeast gale sweeps the coast. As fall approaches and winter swings into line those challenges are repeated and although the shore withstands the battling fury of the monsters, property suffers a tremendous loss and the fishermen always pay the giant shares of such destruction. Many are the fishermen who go to bed at night, only to be awakened by a howling gale, and realize that the fishing gear that they have entrusted to mother ocean is being swallowed up because the high winds have angered her to such an extent that she now rolls and tosses and runs before the dreaded foe, the wind increasing in velocity until the ocean is rolling and tossing into a boiling mass of waves, mountain high.

For weeks at a time fishermen wait for a chance to go to their property or to the place where they last placed it, only to find that the ocean has swallowed up fifty per cent of it and at times, practically all of it. Occasionally after a storm a fisherman finds himself entirely out of business. Such is the life of the men who furnish the most wholesome food on which we live.

These worthy, weather-beaten citizens should be encouraged in every possible way instead of being discouraged by imposing a gasoline tax on them, to help build and repair the roads of which they seldom have any use. Is it fair to make these men contribute to such an enterprise, and should we take from them, that surplus which they are trying to get together for time of need?

A fisherman's life is filled with disappointments, with hazards and with destruction, but never was disappointment more keenly felt than when he was confronted by a gasoline tax. Nothing could be more unjust, nothing could be more discouraging to a person who braves the sea to furnish food.

Let us all work together with one thought always in mind, and that to relieve the fishermen of the tax on gasoline and in so doing lighten their burdens and give them courage and a feeling that we appreciate the good work they are engaged in.

ATLANTIC FISHERMAN,
62 Long Wharf,
Boston, Mass.

GENTLEMEN:

For some time past you have been sending the ATLANTIC FISHERMAN to me, and I have enjoyed it very much.

In your January number, your article, "The Maine Gas Tax Protest," interested me very much, and I am pleased to know that Mr. H. D. Crie is to present your petitions to our present Legislature.

As a user of gasoline, will say that during 1926 I operated seven (7) marine and stationary engines and consumed between five and six thousand gallons of gas.

On account of the trouble, time limit, etc., attached to the rebate of two cents a gallon, have not asked the state for the return of a cent on the gas used in 1926.

You can easily see that I have paid between \$150.00 and \$200.00 that I should never have been obliged to pay, as this money is "supposed" to be used on the roads, and as my lighters do not use the roads, I am stung for this amount.

At present I am building another lighter which will be ready to launch this spring. This lighter will be equipped with twin screw installation, and a stationary engine to operate the derrick. This will make ten gasoline engines that I will operate in 1927 and will mean a consumption of approximately 8,000 gallons of gas.

As I believe this tax wrongs every man using gas for other than road purposes, I shall attend the hearing on this bill and try to show the committee how this tax affects me personally.

Hoping to meet Mr. Crie at the hearing, and wishing you success in your fight for us, I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,
J. A. WHITNEY.

I am afraid that a majority of the people of Maine do not half appreciate the part the fishermen are playing in the food supply. We go to the markets and purchase vegetables for the table and we all know where and how they are produced because we often see a nice garden or an acre of potatoes or a half acre of cabbages, from our automobiles as we travel the country highways, but it is different with the fishermen because they leave their homes and go out on the ocean far beyond our vision to catch

the food that they furnish. If the tax that they pay made the roads they travel any smoother, the tax would be justified but it does not and when a tax is levied on them it makes their roads just that much rougher.

A fisherman's life is not as pleasant as is sometimes pictured. They generally leave home at the dawn of day with the fog often so thick that it is impossible to see more than a few hundred feet away. They go out among the rocks and ledges, taking their lives in their hands to obtain a sufficient amount to furnish their families with the necessities of life and to bridge them over the rough days when they cannot fish. If every day was pleasant, nearly everyone would enjoy fishing but only a few of the three hundred and sixty-five are pleasant ones so the fishermen have to take many chances in order to keep the wolf from the door and give their children an education.

When war was declared the fishermen stepped forward at once, took command of the ships and did their part to hasten the close of

the great World War. Courage was necessary to travel a road that was infested with the enemy's submarines but the fishermen did not lack this courage for if they had, they never could have earned their daily bread by fishing.

Now that the war is over, are we to forget in a few short years the prominent part that these fishermen played in that great conflict, or are we going to show our appreciation of that splendid work by repealing the law which imposed a tax on gasoline used by the fishermen in the engines that power their boats?

I believe every legislator in 1927 will feel it his solemn duty to amend the law by striking out the section that imposes a tax on gasoline used in fishing boats. If they will do that they will show the fishermen that the great work done by them in the past is being appreciated.

N. S. Compensation Rates Discussed

By W. Alexander Dennis

ONE of the hardest blows to have fallen upon the Lunenburg fleet was the announcement to vessel owners from the Workmen's Compensation Board that the rates of assessments were to be doubled for this year. This was a hard blow to the fishing fleet as the past year was a very disappointing one. While the increase in the catch was larger than the previous year, the heavy operating expenses, and due to the fact that the fishermen received a lower price for the fish, many boats in the fleet lost money.

The increase of 100% in assessments to vessel owners at the present time was impossible for them to meet, and being forced to assume this extra burden would certainly result in the whole fleet being withdrawn from under the operation of the Workmen's Compensation Act. The Act offers compensation to liability for personal injuries and for deaths occurring in industries. The Workmen's Compensation Act was passed in 1915 and was not to come into force until proclaimed by the Governor in Council. In 1916, the proclamation was issued making the Act operative on January 1, 1917, under which workmen engaged in industries, under the jurisdiction of the Board, or their dependents were to receive compensation.

With a notice of a change of assessment rates sent to

From October 15 to March 15 the rate for 1926 was 10%. From March 15 to October 15 the rate for 1926 was 5%. The salt bankers which do their fishing between the two latter dates had their rates doubled. The period between October 15 and March 15 is when fresh fishing is engaged in, and this rate which was previously more than could be borne has become absolutely prohibitive. As the Workmen's Compensation Board is understood to have a large disaster Reserve it has been felt that this should be used to take care of any circumstance which would unfairly burden the employers.

Due to the serious situation which had arisen the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia held a hearing on February 3 when members of the fishing industry composing of twenty-five operators and captains arrived at Halifax from points along the south shore in reference to their complaint against increased assessment.

W. P. Potter, solicitor for the operators and fishermen, stated that they had found it difficult to carry on the industry under the old assessment of approximately \$400 on each vessel and it would be seen that if it was to be increased to \$800 how heavily it would bear on the industry. The other speakers also stated the increased rates would bring disaster to the fishing industry. W. H. Smith, member for Lunenburg, introduced the duputation.



Delegates attending the School of Fisheries at the Experimental Station, Halifax. The gentleman with his hat off is Dr. G. A. Huntsman, Director of the Station.

Some of these were also delegates to the Compensation Rates meeting.

Photo by—
J. J. Carnell, Halifax.

the vessel owners when received, announcement came that it would lead to an establishment of a scheme, by which vessel owners themselves would establish an independent system or by being served by some private insurance firm in relation to the fishing fleet.

Notice of the change of assessment rates to vessel owners signed by the secretary of the Workmen's Compensation Board was as follows:

"Please take notice that the provisional rates of assessment with respect to the operation of sailing vessels (with or without auxiliary power) upon or in connection with voyages between ports in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, or upon or in connection with fishing voyages from a Nova Scotia port from and after January 1st, 1927, shall be as follows:

"1.—Between January 1st, 1927, and March 15th, 1927, a rate of fifteen per cent on all wages of the crew.

"2. Between March 15th and October 15th, a rate of ten per cent on all wages of the crew.

"3.—Between October 15th of any year and March 15th of the following year, a rate of fifteen per cent on all wages of the crew.

"The foregoing rates are made necessary by reason of the loss of the schooner *Sylvia Mosher* and the schooner *Sadie A. Knickle* with their entire crews in August, 1926.

"The certificate admitting the operations of the above named schooner within the scope of Part 1 of the Compensation Act is still in force and will remain in force until cancelled."

Representatives of the Workmen's Compensation Board including V. J. Paton, chairman, were present. Chairman Paton said the rates that had been adopted with regard to the Lunenburg fishing fleet since they came under the Act in 1920 had proved inadequate. Actual experience had shown that it would have taken a rate of 8 per cent from 1920 to the end of 1926 to meet demands created as a result of accidents in that industry. The 5 per cent rate had proved insufficient. "If the Board cannot carry the 5 per cent and you can get it at that elsewhere, that will be the solution," he said, "That will end our problems and end yours."

Premier Rhodes in the course of his remarks stated that he did not for one moment want to say the Government washed its hands of the responsibility but had an earnest desire to co-operate with the fishing interest in the province in the hopes of evolving some plan whereby it may thrive.

Announcement was made after second hearing that the Government would introduce legislation which will prevent the Board from raising the rate of compensation charged to the fishermen. The rate that will be charged this year will be 5 per cent preventing the Workmen's Compensation Board from raising the rate to 10 per cent. The rate charged to the lumber industry will also be set by legislation as being the same as last year. A Royal Commission will be appointed to investigate the rate of compensation in the two industries and also all circumstances surrounding compensation affecting the fishermen and lumbermen. This last announcement was certainly good news to the fishermen of the province.

Liverpool Jarge

By HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

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YARN IX.

PICKINGS were lean along the waterfront. News was scarce. There hadn't been a squarerigger in the harbor for a year. Boston was not the port it had once been; and a space-writer might have starved on the gleanings to be had along the Avenue. On the way home after a barren day I stopped at the foot of State Street for a look-see at the always fascinating process of discharging cargo at the United Fruit Company's wharf.

Among the other loafers at Driscoll's Landing, I leaned against the railing and watched the busy banana hounds unloading the green bunches from the fruiter Esparta, just in from Port Limon. A voice sounded at my elbow.

"Makes a feller think of the tropics, them bananas."

The speaker was my friend, John Savage Shaghellion. Now, I was somewhat offended with John. I desired another Liverpool Jarge story because I needed the money it would bring.

But John apparently had had no inclination to talk. When I called at the East Boston cottage I had found him absent. I had seen him at the Bell in Hand a half dozen times, but always he was in confab with some crony, or in haste to be about some imaginary important business. Therefore, now that he was ready for conversation, I grunted a monosyllabic answer.

"Them sea gulls," he remarked, "makes a frightful fuss over that dead fish. Some says they're the ghosts of dead sailormen."

I made no reply. Shaghellion sighed and clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth—thirstily, I thought.

A smart bluejacket, who had been pottering about the engine of a gasoline naval launch moored below us, wiped his hands on a piece of cotton waste, seated himself in the stern sheets, drew a mouth organ from a pocket, and began to play one of those yacka-hoola-hicky-doola Hawaiian melodies.

"Ah!" breathed John. "Music! That's prime. A good-for-nothin' nevvie of mine's got a ukulele that he's tryin' to learn. I mind well when they brought the ukulele to Honolulu. It's a Portuguese instrument. You likely didn't know. The way my nevvie plays, it sounds like a nigger playin' the oskawina. You never heard of that—it's a thing the blacks in the Solomons has. They make it out of a dried gourd, with three strings made out of the leg cords of the oskadido bird. They pick at it with the eye-tooth of the last feller they killed, and it sounds like a sick tom-cat. Me and Liverpool Jarge heard 'em. But it ain't music."

"What do you call music?" I inquired, relaxing.

"Come with me," said John, eagerly, "and I'll show you. I know where there's a most amazin' good orchestra that don't cost nothin' to hear if you buy a drink."

John set a course due north up the avenue, crossed over, skirted the Dump; and presently we made port at the old Columbus house. My ancient friend, with an air of familiar proprietorship, selected a corner table convenient to the lower end of the bar and signalled an Italian waiter standin' by in the offing.

"Make mine a whiskey with a bootleg of ale for a chaser," ordered John. "And step lively."

The highly-recommended orchestra was indeed amazing—so bad that it was good. A trio of black-bowed Calabrian drunkards, evidently street players, was performing weirdly on harp, violin and flute, a heartless slaughter of the Intermezzo. Lacking yet a half-hour of midday, the outfit was far gone in liquor. The flutist, attempting the impossible feat of playing his instrument while talking out of the

corner of his mouth to a waiter, achieved a few blue, sour notes and seemed blandly satisfied with his performance. The harpist played with only one hand, the other holding a schooner of malt. The violinist, weeping blissfully over his instrument, fiddled busily, half a dozen measures ahead of his companions.

The waiter brought out liquids. John gulped his whiskey and sunk his whiskered muzzle in the ale.

"Do you call that music?" I asked, indicating the orchestra.

"I do," said the old sailor, fervently. "Most amazin' good music, I calls it, seein' how you don't have to pay."

"John Savage Shaghellion," I said sternly, "you are an old fraud. I've got a crow to pick with you. Now, listen to me and come clean. You've pitched three or four yarns to me about Liverpool Jarge, and I've printed 'em. But you kill him every time, and people are beginning to talk about that. It's a scandal. Folks think you're a liar. Come on now and tell the truth—speak up."

"My memory ain't what it was," he replied. "I don't read your danged stories, so I can't say what you printed. Stands to reason, though, that a man don't ever die but once. I rather fancy if you cast back a bit you'll find I never said Jarge

was dead."

He drew from his gun pocket an old-fashioned flat leather wallet.

"Ever see a piece of leather made out of human hide?" he asked.

I examined the pocket book. It was fashioned of a soft, flexible, but rather thick, smooth skin, under the surface of which appeared a random system of decorative coloring in blues, greens and a deep red. Mingled in arabesque background were a star, an anchor, two hearts impaled on an arrow, a fragment of gartered leg and fluffy skirt, and several cabilistic letterings.

"Liverpool Jarge was tattooed all over, wasn't he?" I questioned.

"He was," said Shaghellion. "And a work of art as ever was, if I do say so."

"And I suppose," I remarked, with fine sarcasm, "that you're going to tell me that this wallet is made of Jarge's hide."

The old gentleman scorned to answer, but he reached for his property and tucked it away. Emptying his glass, he gazed at it regretfully and set it down with a thump.

"It's very queer," he said, "how one thing leads up to another. First I meets you, and then we hear the sailor play the mouth-organ. Then we come here to hear the music and you buy a drink. And one drink most always leads to another, any place I ever was."

I called the waiter and ordered.

"Aye, aye, sir!" he chirped. "One thing leads to another. Same as when me and Liverpool Jarge ran foul of Danny Crooks. Lissen—I'll tell you about that. It's the truth and when I'm through you can call me a liar."

"One mornin' in Sydney we're settin' on a green bench

With another yarn or two John Savage Shaghellion joins his mate Liverpool Jarge to carry on in the lower regions. More power to both, but the yarns are drawing near the end, so readers are requested to let us know of any preferences they may have in the selection of another story. Some have asked to keep Liverpool Jarge going or to begin him all over again, but we better let him lay in peace for a while, anyway, unless more of his escapades come to light. Let us know what you want.—Ed.



in the Queen's Domain under a big gum tree, very thirsty and with a bit of a headache, both of us, when a cove on the next bench gets out a juice harp and begins playing somethin' most uncommon like what the niggers played on the oskawina. Jarge asks the bloke, will he please stop? The lad gets up and spits in his hand and asks Jarge what the hell it is to him, and that leads up to a very pleasant talk and we all go over to Lou's place for rum.

"This feller is a miner down from the West Australian gold fields. He says how there's gold aplenty for anybody, and Jarge gets excited and says he's going to West Australia directly. But when this cove tried to borrow a quid off him Jarge refused and both of 'em got very cross, and the thing ended in a kind of fight, and Jarge used his brass knuckles, so the miner had to be carried off to a hospital.

"Next afternoon I heard the miner mightn't get over it, and it looked to me that any place was better than Sydney for a while. So we took passage for Perth, hits inland and fetches up in a place called Coolgardie. First day there me and Jarge comes on a little man about six or seven feet tall settin' on his shoulderblades under the lee of a tin shaft, with his legs tied in a Turk's head knot and a banjo on his chest, singin' a song called, 'O, Wot a Lovely Plyce is Hingland!'

"His name was Danny Crooks. Jarge was very much taken with him from the first. He was a long man about as thick as a bob-stay, with a droopin' black moustache like a pirate and a very mournful eye, and he was an undertaker by trade and by nature. Danny was a man of schemes and inventions, and that pleased Jarge, him being very keen on new things, but not knowin' how to think 'em up himself. Danny had stuffed animals and bugs in bottles and a tame frog named Peter alive in a box. Also he was keen on tattooin', and he had a ten-inch band done around his middle, very fancy and better than Jarge's. He hadn't known us an hour before he showed us his embalmin' fluid in an old Haig & Haig bottle, and tried to get Jarge to put it in writin' that he'd be embalmed if he died.

"We stay with Danny several days and then seein' how the undertakin' was poor, Danny says he'll go along up country with us to the diggin's and get rich, too; and we moved up to Horse Camp and then to Day Dawn, where everybody started from for the long march across the desert to the diggin's.

"There was about a thousand men at Day Dawn just out or makin' ready to go in. Danny come in very handy being full of schemes for makin' the loads light and doin' away with everythin' we wouldn't need. We're near ready to start when one day Danny says we'll have to carry some liquor, but not much, and he thinks he'll mix up somethin' what he calls concentrated. So he takes some Scotch whiskey and some gin and some alcohol a spider'd been soaked in and a half stick of dynamite and chunk of some drug called bang—which was a very good name for it—that he'd picked up somewhere Java way, and puts 'em all to stew in the sun for half a day until the mess gets all cloudy.

"Along about noon he says it's ready and names it 'Crooks Original Hell Brewed Mixture,' and says how it's got to be tried on somebody to see if it's good and wanted Jarge to take a drink. But Jarge thought not. So Danny got out Peter the frog and give him some on a spoon.

"Peter rolled his eyes and stuck out his tongue to lick off a drop that was on his nose, and then he give Danny a kick in the wrist that near broke his arm and jumped clean over the tent. We all run around the tent but there warn't nothin' in sight but about twenty little puffs of dust about six fathoms apart, goin' off into the desert where Peter had went. He must of been makin' two hundred knots an hour. Next day a feller comes in off the trail with a yarn about bein' set on by a wild frog, and shows the bites on his leg to prove it.

"Well, Danny says he rather fancies the mixture is strong stuff but it don't prove anythin'. Peter actin' that way, because he might be, mad with the heat, and it's got to be tried on a human, and he goes out and brings in Bosco.

"Bosco is a sick black boy that's been hangin' around the camp. He weighs about eighty pound and can't hardly crawl. Everybody knowed he was ready to croak and there couldn't be no harm tryin' the mixture on him. Danny drags him in by the scruff of the neck and gives him a half pint of the Hell Brewed in a tin pannie. Bosco gulps it and straightened up rather and his eyes got bright.

(Continued on Page 23)



MUG-UP YARNS

Send in poems, jokes
and stories for this col-
umn. \$1 for every joke
published and \$2 for
stories and poems.

The Northeaster

By Joseph C. Allen.

*I hail from the tip of the Greenland capes,
From the crest of the Baffin floe,
I'm bearer of death in a score of shapes
And tumult wher'er I go.*

*From the northern sea where the icebergs heave
Past the course of the steamship lane,
My wake is marked by the wrecks I leave
And by tales of the men I've slain.*

*On my roaring wings rides the blizzard, cold,
As madly the sea I sweep.
And boldest is he of all seamen bold
Who braves me upon the deep.*

*For I grimly smite in my fury dark,
I tangle the fisher's gear;
And I bring wild dread to the staunchest bark
When my storm-cloud hosts appear.*

*They may reef and send, but I wear them down
With my breath and the maddened sea.
"What is man?" I howl. Just a puny clown
That craves what belongs to me!"*

*Let him toil and build, let him plan and dream
Of hulls that shall rule the wave.
I am mightier far than his steel and steam,
He shall always be my slave!*

*With the awesome might of my tempest blast
I shall harry him from the brine,
Till the far skyline shows no rising mast,
And the sea shall be mine, all mine.*

Capt. Conrad Replies

(Continued from Page 14)

schooners be of the usual type, form and sail plan of a fisherman. Is the *Mayflower*, *Bluenose*, and *Columbia* of this type? I have spoken to Mr. H. R. Silver one of the committee. The only answer he would give was, that they wanted a better type. Have they got a better type? If they have why are Smith and Roland the old reliable builders, building ten of the usual type to one of the *Bluenose's*? Watch the races in 1927.

If the committee and others would of treated the Captains of the vessels that competed in the races of 1920-21-22 half decent, they would of been sports enough to come again.

I am, truly yours,

JOSEPH E. CONRAD.

OFFICIAL TIME OF OCEAN RACES OFF HALIFAX, 1922.

Boat	Start	Inner Automatic	Outer Automatic	Sambro Lightship	Inner Automatic	Finish
<i>Bluenose</i>	10.00.29	11.05.32	12.10.10	1.08.10	2.01.00	2.34.27
<i>Canada</i>	10.00.41	11.00.23	12.03.00	1.05.30	2.05.00	2.40.36
<i>Mahaska</i>	10.01.05	11.01.00	12.14.10	1.13.45	2.54.54
<i>Mary Smith</i> ..	10.00.10	11.05.28	12.19.10	1.16.45	2.56.39

The above figures cover the race held on Oct. 7. On Oct. 9 and 10 races were held but not finished within the time limit and the *Bluenose* was unanimously conceded the winner and raced at Gloucester.



By M. E. McNulty

THE lobster season has started out very auspiciously in many of the sections of the Bay of Fundy, but it will not be until the advent of spring that lobster fishing will attain the maximum of its importance on both the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia shores of the big bay, and contiguous bays and harbors.

Even so early in the season, the demand for lobsters has been excellent, particularly so from the New England markets, notably Boston, but also including Portland, Providence, New London, Fall River, etc. The shipments of lobsters to the New England ports since the opening of the season have been heavy. The fleets of boats maintained and operated by a number of the lobster buying companies, have been busily engaged in transporting the lobsters all crated and boxed and barrelled, from various ports in the bay and elsewhere to Boston and other New England ports. Steamers plying between Boston and Yarmouth have also been carrying large shipments of lobsters since the removal of the ban this year, but the height of these shipments will not be attained until May. During May, a steamship service between Boston and St. John, N. B., will be restored to continue until the middle of October, and these steamers will carry large quantities of the lobsters. Not only those loaded at St. John but at the coastwise ports of Eastport, Me., and Lubec, Me. Lobsters caught in the lower end of the bay, including the islands of Deer, Grand Manan and Campobello and in the coastal area between St. George and the border will be shipped by this route when not purchased by buyers on the lobster buying boats that make irregular visits to the smaller fishing ports along the coast.

The growth of lobster fishing in the Bay of Fundy and all its bays and harbors has been away out of all proportion to the increase in other branches of the fisheries in the bay. The primary cause for this is the fact that lobsters can be shipped into the United States free of duty, providing they are alive. Thus the lobsters enjoy a distinct advantage over the balance of the fisheries.

Because of the freedom of duty on the lobsters, it was but logical that more attention would be devoted to the trapping of these shellfish. Until about five years ago, but a comparatively small number of men were affiliated with lobster fishing. But with the demand for the lobsters stiffening remarkably, hundreds of men who had disdained to fish for lobsters devoted practically all their attention during the open season to dallying with the gear.

The outlook for this year is that 1927 will be the biggest of all the lobster seasons. Advices from all the markets indicate even better prices than prevailed last year, and these were top level for lobsters. Not only the New England markets are expected to handle more lobsters than ever before but the New York market is looked upon to increase consumption of lobsters. Indications are also that the demand for maritime lobsters from Montreal and Toronto will be better than that of the preceding year. Shipments are also to be made direct to Detroit and Chicago regularly during the season.

At Chance Harbor, N. B., lobster fishing activities for 1927 are to be on a considerably enlarged scale over those of 1926. For many years the fishermen of Chance Harbor placed their chief reliance in the haddock and cod fishing; then came the sardines, and now the lobsters are at the top of the list in the harbor. Fifteen years ago lobsters could hardly be given away at Chance Harbor. Now there are attractive prices and available markets for all the lobsters that can be caught there. In many cases the buyers are warring for good sized lots.



By Joseph C. Allen

THE shortest month of the year was too long for most of us in these latitudes having brought us a bunch of rain, fog, crooked water and the biggest blow in years. There is a blow going on right now for that matter, but it is confined to the quarters of the pilot of this column who is suffering from a cold in the head. One of those doggone colds which are not severe enough to kill a man and yet sicken him of life and all things pertaining to living.

The weather for the month has been quite warm, we haven't had any ice and very little snow but there has been considerable thick weather and so much wind that some of the boys who let their beards grow in winter have had their whiskers yanked right out by the roots. There have been high tides too along with this wind and more than one skiff was washed out of the beach grass and walloped around in the suds, but very little damage was done.

In the gale of the twentieth we had a couple of catboats go adrift in Edgartown harbor and they knocked their ribbands off against the wharves. Also another one filled and sank. Leaky deck seams were responsible, so it was said. Then there was a patrol boat which came up on the beach at Vineyard Haven, landing high and dry in that same blow. No one was injured and the boys didn't even have to leave her for there is no surf in the upper harbor.

That don't sound so bad, as far as damages go, but there has been rather a crimp put in the fishing once or twice.

A movement has also been started to plant quohaugs in Menemsha Pond. This will probably be financed by public subscription, it having been found that the town cannot legally do it.

The quohaug fishing is becoming more and more important and with the splendid natural facilities for planting and bedding that the Vineyard possesses there is a good chance that all other inshore fishing may take second place beside it in a few years' time.

There is mighty little gossip afloat this month. Capt. Josiah Pease of Edgartown, who was mentioned a spell ago as having his first engine installed, is getting on fine with it. Manuel Swartz has been turning out a bunch of skiffs, about one day. Bill Dugan and Chet Robinson at the other yard are beginning to put the summer yacht fleet in shape for sea, but there is no more among the trap-fishermen and lobstermen as yet.

Will Mayhew who has gained much distinction by keeping a back-bone in the air all the time while splitting cod, has gained even more recently by purchasing a pair of the late-model sport shoes. No one seems to know how the dealer managed to sell 'em to Will but he did and the victim goes about cursing the shoe-manufacturers, dealers and cobblers indiscriminately. There isn't anything really wrong with the shoes except that they are beamy. They are built on the lines of a Hudson River hay-barge and the boys claim that Will can't make any headway at all when the ground is wet because they drag so much dead water.

Our Congressman, Charles L. Gifford, is hauling lines to get some work done on Edgartown harbor. Dredging in two different places and the removal of a small sand point are the recommendations submitted by the fishermen at a hearing held a year ago and these recommendations have been passed right along to the army board by Mr. Gifford.

This plan, if carried into effect, should interest the Boston and Gloucester lads who run into Edgartown for fresh bait.

So ends the report, and thank the Lord for that! No man can write with his eyes and nose weeping like a garboard with the caulking all out.



WHO says that New Jersey doesn't produce oysters? Statistics show that Maurice River Cove yields more oysters in one day during the month of November, than the entire country of Denmark does in one year.

There is a saying that great men never get any credit while they are alive. Maybe it's the exception that proves the rule. There is a great man down here among us. At least we think he is great anyway. His name is Joseph N. Fowler, but hereabouts he is known as "Joe". Some of the boys put their heads together last December and hatched up a scheme to give Joe a blowout. It was planned for New Year's Eve. A portion of the large and well appointed Cumberland Hotel in Bridgeton, was chartered for the occasion. A banquet of huge proportions was ordered and tickets numbering some 120 were sold. All of these arrangements were made unbeknown to the main gentleman of the evening.

Shortly after eight o'clock on New Year's Eve, Joe came to the Cumberland on an invitation of a friend of his to have dinner with him that night. He was ushered upstairs to the third floor and found himself in a banquet hall crowded with his friends. As soon as the cheering had subsided a trifle, the waiters commenced with their act. Turkey and all that should go with it, occupied the attention of all present for the next hour. After dinner came the speeches. Each speaker mentioned a number of reasons why Joe Fowler is a great man. State Senator Minch sprung the big act of the evening when he presented a two carat diamond ring set in platinum, a gift of the oystermen of Maurice River Cove, to Joe.

Probably some of your readers are wondering what this man ever did to be feted thusly by his fellow men. He is president of the Maurice River Cove Oyster Growers and Dealers Association. He is also president of the State Board of Shell Fisheries. In addition to being a large planter and shipper. He has had much to do with the passing of laws and their subsequent enforcement, relative to the working of the natural oyster beds. Under these laws, boats with sail only are allowed to dredge during the months of May and June on the natural rock up the bay. The seed is taken down and planted on the privately leased beds in Maurice River Cove and left two, three or four years before being marketed. The law provides that not over 15% of shell may be taken with the seed. Large crews are carried on the boats and the shells are picked out and thrown back to the beds to catch a set during July and August. Watch boats are provided to enforce the law. There is a heavy penalty for violators. It is sufficient to say that the oyster business in Maurice River Cove has increased year by year under these regulations and that the natural beds have been preserved, instead of depleted.

There is then, good reason why men should join together in showing their appreciation to one who has had much to do with the working out of so successful a system. A system that has been such a great benefit to so many people.

Any one who saw the *Jean Thompson* go up Maurice River during a recent freeze up, breaking three inch ice as if it were pasteboard would be convinced that she has plenty of power. She was equipped with a 125 H. P. crude oil engine this past summer. She surely steps along.

Power has pretty well pushed the sail off the map but as long as there are laws requiring dredging to be done by sail, on the natural beds, there will be plenty of sails to be seen hereabouts. More than three hundred boats go to work on the natural beds, May 1st. It's some sight. Personally we hope the sail is never done away with.

Arnold Cranmer of New Gretna, has lots of nerve. Every year he sits tight until oysters begin to get scarce, then goes to work and does a big business. We concede that it's a great system, but there aren't many of us that have the nerve nor the money.

WITH the total landings of all varieties of fish for the month of January 8,545,300 pounds as compared with 4,879,900 pounds for the month of January, 1926, an increase of 3,665,400 pounds, Nova Scotia has made a good start in the new year to duplicate the large increase that was made in the fish catch during 1926.

Ward Fisher, Chief Fisheries Inspector for the Eastern Division of the Department of Marine and Fisheries in his survey of the fisheries for the month of January shows the total quantity of all fish landed as 8,545,300 pounds with a landed value of \$219,935 as compared with 4,879,900 pounds with a landed value of \$144,082 for the same month of 1926.

The fresh halibuters *Grace and Ruby*, Captain Wiley Ross arrived at Yarmouth on February 4 with a good fare of fish. The *Grace and Ruby* stocked \$3,000 and the crew shared \$74 per man. Another vessel arriving at the same time was the *Dorothy G. Snow*, Captain William S. Murphy which stocked \$3,382 but owing to considerable loss of gear which the vessel sustained in a blizzard the men received only \$44 each.

A slight blaze took place on the fisherman *A. Hubley* during the early part of February. The vessel was in at Hackett's Cove at the time of the fire which was caused by some gasoline being poured on the stove in the cabin. One member of the crew, Harold Covey, had his hair slightly singed. Several of the crew succeeded in putting the fire out before it made much headway, thereby saving the vessel. Considerable damage was done to the cabin.

It was reported on Feb. 11 that the Maritime Fish Corporations trawler *Lord Beaconsfield* ran ashore on the Southern Breaker near Cranberry Ledge not far from Canso while trying to avoid a field of slob ice. The trawler *Lord Shaftesbury* was standing by. The *Lord Beaconsfield* was in command of Captain Thorlaksson. The trawler was floated with the assistance of the *Lord Shaftesbury* and the *Margaretville* at high tide. She was able to proceed to Canso under her own steam sustaining very little damage.

The fishermen of Shelburne County have made active preparations for the lobster season which opened March 1. It is stated that 1,000 men were engaged in this branch of the industry last year. Lobsters sold from the boats last year brought about \$450,000. Traps alone were worth over \$150,000. It is not surprising to hear that the fishermen are looking for good weather.

The sad news was received during the month of February of the death of Charles Decker, aged 50, a member of the Gloucester fishing schooner *Hesperus*, who died in the Chelsea Marine Hospital, Boston, on Feb. 8, within twenty-four hours after being admitted. The deceased was a native of Lockeport, being the son of Winslow and Harriet (Lathrop) Decker. He was a widower and of late had been sailing with Captain Townsend. He leaves a daughter, Blanche, in Lockeport, also a brother, Captain Andrew Decker, Gloucester, and a sister, who lives at Ipswich, Mass. He also has another brother living in Nova Scotia.

A new brine-freezing plant is being erected by the Fisheries Experimental Station at Halifax. The new building is to be a one story frame building equipped with a small ammonia plant. For some time experimenting has been carried on at the station in a small way. It has been decided to conduct the process of brine freezing of fish on a larger scale and work has now been started on the new building.

The first School of Fisheries of its kind ever to be held in the history of Nova Scotia was opened on February 14 at the Fisheries Experimental Station, Halifax. The course lasted two weeks and some 54 persons attended the lectures including fishery overseers, inspectors and others interested in the fisheries of Eastern Canada.



By the Fisherman's Doctor

LOBSTER business at Corea has doubled since 1918, and would quickly expand three-fold under proper marine facilities. Six new boats actively engaged in lobster business within last year. There is a new, \$1000 boat about ready for launching.

Lobsters brought in to Corea are first stored in cars, thence shipped by smacks to Boston, Portland and Rockland. Sometimes put in pound at South Hancock. G. W. Colwell & Co., J. W. Stinson & Son, E. W. Bridges, Prospect Harbor; A. C. McLoon & Co., J. A. Young Co., Parnell Lobster Co., Rockland; Willard & Daggett Co., N. F. Trefethern, Portland; all send smacks to Corea for lobsters. Standard Oil Co., Texas Oil Co., Fred M. Seavey of Prospect Harbor St. Clair & Allen, John Bird Co., Rockland, do important business with Corea.

The R. D. Stewart Lobster Pound at Corea is being cleaned for the A. C. McLoon Co. of Rockland. Smack *Louise McLoon* Capt. John Crowley, recently took 5,000 pounds of lobsters from Corea. Capt. Hank is remodelling his boat, the *Half Moon*, before launching from yard of Italy Repair Works.

Roy Seofield, an Atlantic Fisherman of Corea, while hauling his traps west of Petit Manan Light station, suffered misfortune to have his boat spring a leak. Water gained very rapidly and disabled his engines with night nearing and thick-a-fog, and the situation seemed very dubious. Roy set off two large torches, and eventually the light keepers noted them, and put out to sea in their boat, and succeeded in towing Seofield's boat to the island where it was beached. Garboard caulking had started out. Roy is very grateful to Capt. Mitchell and crew of the Light Station.

Guy H. Francis has installed a 16 hp. New Jersey engine in his boat. Roy Colwell has installed a Ford marine engine in his boat, and it has proved very satisfactory. Clifford Young is having a new lobster boat built by Harvey Church at Steuben, and will have the boat equipped with a 16 hp. International engine. Capt. Haskell Smith of Jonesport is digging and buying clams for the Underwood factory, and has headquarters and phone connection at Corea. Lobstermen are very busy making new traps and repairing old ones to be ready for the Spring set.

Herring weirs in Dyer's and Gouldsboro Bays have so far withstood the winter ice in good shape. There has not been much heavy ice. Mitchell Lobster Co. and Stanley's Point Lobster Co. are shipping large loads of lobsters from their pounds in Dyer's bay. Lobster plugs, in any quantity, large or small, are readily available from William Stanley, the Lobster Plug King, at Steuben.

Calvin Stinson and his company are planning to open the Prospect Harbor Sardine Factory, and weirmen and all Gouldsboro wish him prosperity and longevity and wish for more men of his calibre.

Bully for Captain Peabody of Beals in rising to the defence of the voracious Vineyard fisherman who Bro. Allen wanted to have keelhaunched for letting his expansive imagination dwell on the Vineyard clams. Down on Newbury Neck where real Maine clams grow if undisturbed they consider it a waste of opportunity to dynamite the clams in order to clear the channel. Quite a business has developed there by a coalition of fishermen and salt water plumbers who excavate the giant clam shells and install them as rustic bathtubs for the summer cottagers, and there is good money in it, but there has been some kick because the clam shell tubs were too deep and some of the summer sojourners feared to get in without life preservers.

The Fishermen's Doctor tells me to add a word and say that he is appreciative of the good words and good wishes for recovery expressed by the long suffering readers of his dope. And tell Brother Allen of the Vineyard to give the Doctor's love to all the Vineyard fishermen, and let him know that the trouble was all in the mechanical motor apparatus, that never a bit of the caulking started, and that now he has a practically new leg, and has just got to get used to running it, and that soon the old devil will be in full commission.

By Lloyd Chester Harris

A HIGH character rating has just been given the Long Island oyster by the surgeon general of the United States Public Health Service in a recent bulletin in which he praises the means taken to keep the shellfish in the Great South Bay free from all disease contamination.

Particular emphasis is placed on the rigid inspection of the oyster grounds and water and the prompt closing of polluted areas and the insistence on strictly sanitary conditions in the places where the bivalves are handled previous to being marketed.

Across the wide depths of the Pacific Ocean and over the 3,000 miles of America came a call from Japan early in January to a Patchogue newspaper for a recipe for good old fashioned South Bay clam chowder and fritters, and then, if never before, the fame of these two favorite dishes was firmly established. People hereabout knew they had a variety of tasty sea food concoctions but none of them ever dreamed until a few weeks ago that the far off Flowery Kingdom clamored for their clam chowder.

F. deGaris, a former local newspaper man, and now editor of the English Publications on the Japanese National Railways was the unfortunate man who longed for the proper recipe for these two dishes and his appeal was broadcast by The Patchogue Advance in conspicuous manner. He said that he had carried these recipes with him to Tokyo years ago but that they were destroyed, along with all his other belongings, in the earthquake a few years back.

But the South Bay folk could not and would not turn a deaf ear on his request for gastronomical delights and in a few days recipes began pouring in for these two dishes and many others from old time fishermen, from coast guard captains and from some of the finest culinary experts on the South Shore. All of these were published and the copies of The Advance sent to deGaris.

The story doesn't stop here, however, for Mr. deGaris' interest was not purely a personal one. These dishes are to be introduced on the Japanese railways and so old South Bay clam chowder is to be an adopted dish of the Japanese as Mr. deGaris has located some fine oyster and clam beds of the north islands of the empire.

The matter of oil pollution in the Great South Bay has become so acute that Senator Thompson and Assemblyman Boyle have been asked by the town board of Babylon to take up with the State Conservation Commission the complaints of numerous baymen relative to the situation. The baymen and fishermen report that oil has appeared in such quantities in some parts of the bay that brant and ducks have been driven away as have also the fish and now the clam beds are in danger of being menaced by this pollution.

One bayman reports that while fishing for eels last week that the oil was so thick that the waters were comparatively calm with a heavy gale blowing due to the heavy surface of thick oil on the water while another reports that ice in certain parts of the bay this winter has been so thick with oil that it was nothing more than just a black mush.

A fight is already being waged against ocean liners discharging waste oil as they pass the island and close to the coast and the present menace is blamed to various dredges operated by development companies near shore in the bay. Since it is a matter for Federal authorities to adjust the local representatives have been asked to enlist the aid of the state in bring about a Federal inspection of the waters in the Great South Bay to stop the alleged pollution.

The third week in February was a record breaking one for the scalloping fleet operating out of West Sayville and favored by ideal weather conditions all of the boats made new history in the size of their catches. Captain Ivan Stein and Frank Jost, brought in the largest catch of scallops that has ever been made from this port, their labors netting them a total of 450 bushels. Ordinarily 300 bushels is considered an unusual catch and 250 bushels is recognized as an average haul. The boats are now going out about once a week.

Liverpool Jarge

(Continued from Page 19)

"'Good,' he says. 'More.' He had another big snort and things busted loose.

"I couldn't say exactly what happened, but I know that Bosco hit Danny amidships and shut him up like a clasp knife. Then he went up one side of Jarge and down the other, takin' off an ear and leavin' it hangin' by a bit of skin. Next he boarded me and had half my whiskers out and some hide, and goes down the road makin' a noise like a steam siren.

"The next one he meets is a two hundred pound husky that used to be heavyweight champ of Australia. Bosco gets the pug down and out in two shakes of a Guinea pig's tail, and starts to lunch on him, goug'in' an eye out very theftry with his thumb.

"Somebody gunned him then. That seemed to annoy Bosco a little and he clumb off the pug, still munchin' on the eye, and swarms up the side of a corrugated iron house that was there and up a flag-pole and starts eatin' the Union Jack for dessert. An Englishman just out from home gunned him five or six times more and after a bit Bosco rolled off the roof and lay in the shade kickin' his heels in the sand until sundown, when he died.

"Danny was very grateful and says how he rather fancied he'd made a great discovery. Jarge was very cross, hoppin' around, tryin' to get his ear back on, and he says it may be a great discovery, but if Danny makes another he'll wish he never was born. So Danny says not to worry, he'll fix the ear, and he gets out a needle and thread and sews it on as neat as you like and puts on some liniment and bandages.

"He begs me with tears in his eyes to let him take a piece of hide off a dog and graft it on to my jaw. But I says no, and very glad I am, because after a couple of weeks when we take the bandages off Jarge the ear is growed on all right, but it's upside down, which gave him a very lopsided look and spoiled what little beauty he had.

"Next day we took the trail. Danny put a quart of the mixture in an old Haig & Haig bottle and took it along. And he took his embalming fluid and squirt gun, which looked foolish, but he says he wouldn't be separated from the tools of his profession, come what would. We made it into Ned's Well in eleven days and got out into the hills directly and started fossickin' for nuggets in the float. We found some, but not many, and we lived in hope, as the sayin' is. Nights we'd lay around and look at the stars and tell what we'd do if we struck it rich.

"Danny says how he'll move to some country where the death rate is high and where the people like a proper funeral and open up a swagger shop; and he brags what an artist he is makin' remains look good if he has half a chance.

"I says I'll get myself a cottage with vines on it and a garden. And maybe get married, but not likely.

"Jarge says he'd have some good tattooin' done on him, only he's all filled up. And he gets very downhearted and discouraged and says the only thing left when he gets his wealth is to marry five or six more gals he knows about in different places and to keep drunk.

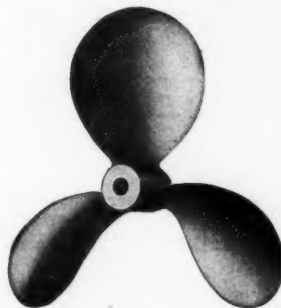
"The night we took Jarge's bandages off and he found his ear was wrong he fair went mad. He says how his good looks is ruined and no gal would have him now, and the only thing he's got to look forrard to is a life of boozin'. He talks about it so long that it rather gets on his mind and he speaks up very crisp and tells Danny to trot out the bottle of Hell Brewed Mixture and he'll begin right there.

"Me and Danny tried to persuade him not, seeing what happened to Peter and Bosco, but he would have it so. We give him the bottle and got set for a flyin' start and Jarge took his first swig. Nothin' happened.

"Jarge puckered up his mouth and looked puzzled and smelt of the bottle and took another. Then he laid down in the sand very quiet and died. Me and Danny couldn't believe it hardly and we sneaked up on Jarge and poked him with a stick, but he didn't move. Danny put a mirror to his lips and prodded his eye and flopped him around, but he was gone seemin'ly.

"It was very queer. Me and Danny got in a big argument over it. I said how he must have got the bottles mixed and give Jarge the embalming fluid. But he showed how the bottles was marked right. And we agreed that

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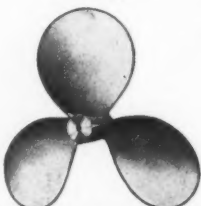
Cap'n Allswell says:

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COLUMBAIN *Bronze* PROPELLERS

likely Jarge was so used to liquor that the mixture didn't have any effect, and maybe he died of grief anyhow.

Mr. Shaghellion paused in his narrative and fingered his whiskey glass.

"And that," I said, "was the sad end of your old friend Liverpool Jarge. After that you skinned him and made wallets of his hide."

"Steady," said John, holding up a warning hand. "My mouth gets kinder dry talkin' so much."

I ordered more drinks and the old man went on.

"Well, sir, Jarge hadn't got cold when Danny gets full of schemes what to do with the corpse. First off he's going to embalm Jarge and do it good. Next he says how it would be a fair crime to throw away such elegant tattooin' as Jarge had on him.

"He's all for picklin' Jarge and takin' him around for a show at a shillin' a head. He rather thinks there'd be a fortune in it with the very fancy tattooin' and the trick ear. He thought maybe Jarge would keep for about as much as a month and after that he'd stuff him. I'm agin it at first, sayin' how I didn't think Jarge would like it. But Danny says Jarge is dead and it's none of his business now. Then I says how the show will have to be for men only, owin' to some of the things Jarge had designed on him. And Danny says, 'All the better,' and I give in and we took Jarge's clothes off.

"Danny got out the other bottle and the squirt-gun and give Jarge a shot in the arm; and another in the leg and one in the neck. He's just fillin' up again when Jarge sets up.

"'Wot the bloody blazes is goin' on here?' he rips out, short and sharp.

"'We're embalmin' you,' says Danny.

"'Th' hell you are,' says Jarge, sarcastic, 'Am I dead?'

"'You was,' said Danny, anxious like.

"'Well, I ain't now,' says Jarge. 'Gimme that bottle.'

"He tips her up and takes a drag and riz up and leaped about nine foot in the air and lets go a yell. I didn't see any more, owing to my lightin' out for the hills and hidin' there for three days. When I sneaks back Jarge is settin' in front of the tent and there's a new grave behind and a strip of tattooed hide hangin' in the sun.

"'Was you in on this embalmin'?' he asked, ugly.

"'No, Jarge,' I says, very meek, 'I wouldn't have the heart.'

"'It's a good thing for you,' says Jarge, 'or there'd be two hides hangin'. This Crooks was a dangerous cove. And danged careless mixin' up his bottles. He might of killed somebody if he'd lived.'

"Well, we drops down to Perth a month later and had the skin made up into wallets. After that we ships for Sydney and then for Liverpool, and Jarge gets a job over in Birkenhead as night-watchman in a fish market and stops ashore. Fur's I know, he's there yet. Last I heard of him he'd had a chemist make up a batch of Crooks Hell Brewed Mixture, near as he could remember, and when he'd feel bad he'd take a little, and expected to live to be three or four hundred years old."

Shaghellion finished his yarn and looked up wistfully. I laid a silver dollar on the table and rose to go. As I passed out I heard John mutter in his beard:

"Another good thing gone. Just as natural as one thing leads to another."



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